# THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

No. 4.] HANOVER, (N. H.) WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1805. [Vol. III.

## ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

### INDOLENCE.

WE have often been amuſed by the exploits of ſtates and individuals, of patriots and heroes. How many ages have purſued each other in rapid ſucceſſion, ſince the dawn of human reaſon, and in every age, how many efforts and improvements of mankind, in the various arts of active and ſpeculative life, have fallen to the notice and admiration of poſterity?

The annals of almoſt every period of the world, can boaſt their philoſophers and ſtateſmen, their inventions and diſcoveries,—and are heavy laden with remarkable events. Each page uſhers to our view the ten years ſiege of ſome wealthy Troy, the blind enthuſiaſm of ſuperſtition, the flights of genius, the ravages of a 'Macedonian madman,' or the ruin and deſolation of kingdoms and empires. From ſuch a view of mankind as this, we are almoſt induced to imagine, that the natural feelings and diſpoſitions of our ſpecies, impel them to continual action,—that the ſmall circle which is marked out by Deity, for us to traverſe and improve, has all been chequered, by labors, either of infamy or duty. But if we take a nearer and more critical proſpect of this vaſt theatre of the world, and of the beings that live within its confines, we ſhall find rarely an individual upon the ſtage, to whom an active character is not rather a toil than a pleaſure. We ſhall ſoon find, and at length be obliged, however reluctantly, to own, that the greater portion of the human family are continually groaning beneath a burden of ſluggiſhneſs and torpor, and that few riſe ſuperior to its influence, without ſome violent impulſe.

How many hours of idle ſlumber and diſſipation are daily thrown away, by the ſtudent, that might be happily beguiled, in courting the favor of the Muſes. Even the greateſt ſcholars of the age, have often regretted with a ſigh, the many painful and tedious hours of exile, from ſociety and its charms, that are unavoidably required, in laying a foundation for literary eminence.

The attainment of two languages, which are no longer living, preſents a toil, which our indolent nature would rarely feel itſelf able to endure, were they not the firmeſt, and moſt brilliant pillars in the grand fabric of ſcience. The ſame principle of indolence has induced a majority of all ages, to neglect the abſtruſe branches of every ſcience, as uſeleſs, and often prejudicial. The mathematics, the learned languages, and even philoſophy itſelf, have long borne the laſh of the lazy and ignorant, and have long ſince been condemned on the falſe accuſation of impriſoning the brilliancy of genius, and damping the ardor of youth.

Happy, could the world boaſt a ſingle claſs of the numerous children of men, who cheerfully devote their ſervices to themſelves, their fellow beings, and to Deity, without the hopes of ſome paltry and immediate reward. Still more happy would it be, could a ſingle rational animal of all our number, boaſt himſelf free from that love of idleneſs and eaſe,—a poiſon, which is incident to the race.

The toil of the hiſtorian becomes a taſk of pleaſure and amuſement, merely, as it inſures him a future benefit; and the gloom of midnight meditation is paſſed cherily away, only, as future proſpects brighten to his view. He beholds the labors of his pen, handed to ages, that ſucceed him, and either in the fame of his productions, or pecuniary emolument, anticipates a ſhare in the victory of the ſoldier, the honor of the patriot, or the applauſe of the ſtateſman, whoſe atchievements he relates.—The lawyer pleads the cauſe of his client, and the phyſician carefully attends to the cure of his patient; but were equal profit and repute attending a contrary ſtep, the one might, as readily, adminiſter poiſon as relief, and the other labor but to rob the employer of his purſe. The merchant, patiently collects, thro' the day, the profits on the toys and playthings of his ſhop, that the fruits of his earning may afford a comfortable repaſt, when he retires to his reſt. And how many beings do we ſee, laboring in the fields of every village, whom, but for this, either nakedneſs or ſtarvation, or what is ſtill more to be dreaded, the jail or the halter would be continually ſtaring in the face.

The ſame diſpoſition, that predominates in the individual, prevails likewiſe in ſociety; and we frequently read the character of a whole community, in that of a ſingle member. If we enquire among the ſavages, that range the wilds of America, we ſhall here find the pure children of nature;—a race of beings, whoſe hearts have rarely been warmed by the glow of emulation; and who exhibit the features of the world, uncovered by any maſk. Immediate neceſſity alone can tempt them to break thoſe ſhackles of ſtupidity, which bind them almoſt immoveably to their wigwams;—they rarely traverſe the foreſts, in purſuit of clothing or food, unleſs impelled by the pains of cold or hunger;—and an enemy at their doors, can alone rouſe them, in arms of defence. A love of fame or of wealth has never enkindled a deſire of conquering other worlds, nor of cheriſhing the ſciences and arts. Agriculture and commerce have never allured them to the employments of civilized ſociety; nor have their ſavage habitations ever been decorated by the ſkill of luxury or refinement. Their genius, without example or inſtruction, is abandoned to ignorance and barbariſm, its ſearch is rarely extended beyond the boundaries of a neighboring tribe, nor ſoftened and refined by culture.

As indolence forms an almoſt impenetrable barrier to the riſe and progreſs of nations, ſo on the other hand, it forms a chain, on which nations may ſlip down, with increaſing rapidity and eaſe, into the vale of oblivion. At that period of the middle ages, when Arabian literature had not yet enlightened the nations of the Eaſt, and when the barbarous tribes of the Weſt were yet ſlumbering in darkneſs and ignorance, the Byzantine empire ſtood alone in the world. The labors of the ſublime maſters of antiquity were in perfection, before them, the Muſe of Homer yet ſounded in their ears, and Phydias yet lived, in the works of his chiſſel. But theſe advantages only heighten the ſhame and degradation of a degenerate people. They inherited a fund of literary wealth, which they were too feeble either to augment or preſerve.

That ſpot, ſo famed as 'claſſic ground,' deſcended to their charge, but its fruit was neither cropt in its ſeaſon, nor preſerved from the annoyance of weeds. Reaſon was loſt in the folly of party, the ſublime doctrine of religion buried in the equipage of falſe refinement, and philoſophy entangled in the quibbles of the ſchool-men. That emulation, which excited the cities of ancient Greece, and which ſtimulates the nations of modern Europe, to ſtrive for eminence, in the conteſt of glory, had entirely ſubſided. Poets, orators, and ſtateſmen were no more. The miſtreſs of the world reclined in the cradle of indolence, and never waked from her ſlumbers.

HIRAM.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

### *Conſiſtency in the Works of Nature.*

TO contemplate the effects of infinite wiſdom, is a ſource of the greateſt ſatisfaction to a mind, that can riſe ſuperior to ſenſual gratifications. The ſeveral ſenſes of the body, with their different organs, are neceſſary, that the mind may gain a knowledge of external objects, and their various qualities. And the benevolence of Deity determined, that thoſe objects, which are eſſential or convenient for man's exiſtence in this world, ſhould afford pleaſure to his ſenſes; and thoſe, which endanger life, create uneaſineſs, whenever preſented. If ſuch care is taken to preſerve the *body* and ſupply it with agreeable employment, the *ſoul* ſhould be occupied in thoſe purſuits which are calculated to produce the moſt ſubſtantial happineſs. It is folly for man to ſuppoſe that this world has nothing, whereon he can be profitably employed, or that the ſtudy of nature's works will not increaſe his felicity. He, who obſerves the growth of the leaſt vegetable, and is buſied in inveſtigating the cauſe of its aſſuming a particular colour and form, gives more praiſe to his Creator, than the ſuperſtitious bigot, who thanks God, that he is not like other men. How the ſame ſoil gives nouriſhment to the moſt delicious fruit and to the poiſonous weed, is unknown, but who will hence conclude, that it is occaſioned by the caſual agitation of the particles of matters? Becauſe man cannot perceive how his body is formed, will he call the "fortuitous concourſe of atoms," his Creator? How could chance give breath to beings, inviſible to the naked age, or cauſe the blood to flow in their veins? It

certainly requires leſs labour and leſs wiſdom to underſtand in what manner a living creature was made, than is required to make one. If we are unacquainted with the modus operandi, in the formation of the meaneſt animal, muſt we not conclude, there is a Being in exiſtence, who excels man in wiſdom and power? And who will deny his exiſtence, when he has ſtudied the different ſtructures and natures of the animals, deſigned to inhabit different portions of the globe? The fiſhes of the ſea are not ſupplied with legs, for they were not formed to walk upon the water, or take poſſeſſion of the dry land; but they are furniſhed with inſtruments for motion in their own element. The beaſts of the field are not adorned with wings, for the earth is their habitation, and to direct their courſe towards heaven, they are forbidden.—But the air ſupports birds in their flight and enables them to make journeys through untrodden paths. Theſe things declare unbounded wiſdom, and it is folly in man to deny it.

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FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

*'Teach man th' important leſſon how to live.'*

Pernicious, indeed, is the example of the profligate and abandoned, to the morals of youth.

A virtuous education is the greateſt barrier againſt vice and folly, of any thing in our power to obtain, and the greateſt bleſſing which parents can beſtow upon their poſterity.

A perſon, who has received a virtuous education, and has the principles of morality and religion, firmly eſtabliſhed in his breaſt, and has a ſuitable ſenſe of its beauties, of its tendency to his inward peace, and of its utility to ſociety in general, will fly the company of the profane blaſphemer and the drunkard, as he would the plague, or the fangs of the moſt venomous ſerpent. He will view, with grief, the evil tendency of vicious examples, and drop a tear of ſorrow for his deluded fellow creatures. He will eagerly ſtrive to withdraw himſelf from the factious multitude, and to ſeek for happineſs in the innocent retreats of ſolitude, where he may enjoy a feaſt more ſumptuous than at the tables of Princes, in contemplating, and reflecting upon the ſimplicity of nature and the goodneſs of its author.

Man is formed for ſociety, and it is an advantage to a ſtudious mind, now and then, to mingle with his companions and partake of their convivial glee,—it ſerves to break off the chain of thoughts—it eaſes the mind of its load and gives life and vigor to the ſenſes, ſo that when the mind returns again within itſelf, it is enabled to purſue its enquiries with greater ſucceſs. But to be always taken up with the tattle of young and giddy company, is deſtructive to youth; for if we do not ſow in ſpring we cannot expect to reap a harveſt; ſo, if the mind be not well cultured and ſtored in youth, age will be one dreary blank to be filled up with woe and diſcontent.

We ought to place our minds on objects which are pleaſing, amiable and virtuous, and to withdraw them ſoon as poſſible from pictures of horror and diſguſt; for man, like the ape, is an imitative creature and may be eaſier flattered, than frightened into the path of duty.

It is natural for us to follow the examples of thoſe we eſteem and love; then ſurely it is prudence in us, to make choice of ſuch for our ſociety, as will give us examples worthy to be followed.

EUGENIO.

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FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Know then this truth, enough for *man* to know,
*Virtue* alone is happineſs below.

POPE.

IF we examine the pages of hiſtory, we ſee vice triumphing amidſt the acclamations of thouſands, while humble, modeſt worth is content to dwell in indigence and obſcurity. Juſtice is diſregarded, and even innocence is not a protection from puniſhment. An Ariſtides has been baniſhed his country by envy, artifice and intrigue; a Camillus, after having ſaved his land from impending deſtruction, has been arraigned at the tribunal of a fickle and jealous multitude, and a Socrates has been condemned to drink the fatal poiſon, by that people whoſe ſons he had endeavored to teach the love of virtue and the reverence of GOD. On the other hand, we behold a Tarquin wearing a crown, which he had gained by murder and uſurpation, a Sylla, after having inveſted himſelf with ſupreme, uncontrolable power, committing crimes at which humanity bluſhes, and a Julius Cæſar and a Pompey have contended which ſhould moſt enſlave his country, and have ſacrificed millions of lives, at the altar of ambition. The names of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero and Domitian it is ſufficient to mention. Their abſurdities, their vices and their cruelties are univerſally known and will be long remembered. We have characters too in our modern times, who evince, that when ambition ceaſes to be guided by reaſon and virtue, it leads to actions, ungenerous, unmanly and baſe. A Voltaire and a Paine have endeavored to baniſh peace, order and religion, and to eſtabliſh confuſion and infidelity; a Bonaparte has trampled upon the laws and rulers of France, and boldly dared erect the ſtandard of deſpotiſm, where once the hand of rightful authority ſwayed the ſceptre of impartial juſtice. The perſecution and baniſhment of Moreau, and the ignominious death of the duke of Enghein, witneſs the depravity and corruption of modern times, and teach us that an uſurper ſeldom governs a people with equity, and that virtue muſt conſtitute the foundation of private and national happineſs.

ALOUETTE.

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## SELECTIONS.

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ON COVENANTING WITH GOD.

Doctor Doddridge ſays, that people entering into covenant with God engage, that they will make it their care and endeavour to render ſincere and univerſal obedience to all the intimations and diſcoveries of his will, not making a reſerve in favour of any ſin whatever.

Thus Abram forſook his country, his kindred, his father's houſe, his *all*. Thus when God afterward renewed covenant with him, he ſaid, "I am the Almighty God, walk before me and be thou *perfect*."

From theſe brief remarks we ſee what is profeſſed in entering into covenant with God. There is an engagement to be the Lord's. It is devoting one's ſelf, unreſervedly to God. A direct appeal is made to God. Omniſcience is called to witneſs the ſincerity of the ſoul. To affect the perſon, to rouſe his attention, to impreſs and penetrate his heart, there was in the Jewiſh mode of covenanting, ceremony, pomp, and ſolemnity. Signs and ſymbols were uſed. A harmleſs beaſt was killed; blood and death were invoked as witneſſes of the auguſt ſcene. This was the cuſtom even with the heathen; who had never heard of the goſpel, or the Saviour, or Holy Ghoſt. More was done. The victim was not only ſlain, but cut, and torn aſunder. The language was, as has been obſerved, "If I am not *ſincere*, may I, like this bleeding lamb, or mangled dove, be ſeparated and torn aſunder by the judgments of God." This was not all. "Every ſacrifice was ſalted with ſalt." A token, a pledge of inviolable love, eternal friendſhip, was employed. A covenant was an oath of fidelity. Every thing was done to expreſs cordiality, to give weight and importancce to the tranſaction. The cuſtoms of men, and the rites of God were united; heaven and earth lent their aid to render a covenant valid, binding, and ſolemn. Blood and ſalt, types of the atonement of Chriſt, and the ſaving faith of the goſpel, were uſed. When we enter into covenant we do, therefore, declare by the Saviour's blood, that we are the Lord's. In ſealing this covenant we virtually eat the body and drink the blood of the Son of God; if unworthy, we eat and drink judgment to ourſelves.

PHILO.

[*Panopliſt.*]

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## LAW INTELLIGENCE.

*Gewton* vs. *Goſnel.*

Mr. Garrow ſtated, that this was an action to recover damages for an outrageous and wanton libel. The plaintiff was the proprietor of a tooth powder, of great repute and eſtimation, and the defendant a printer. The libel complained of was a hand-bill, which had been ſent to all the plaintiff's cuſtomers, and was evidently intended to ruin his trade by decrying the properties of his medicine. Mr. Garrow made many obſervations on the improved delicacy of modern times, with reſpect to cleanlineſs of teeth, and ſtated, that the property was a moſt valuable one to his client, and any libel upon it might be the cauſe of moſt ſerious miſchief to him in his trade; he ſtated, that if any one choſe to bring any other fair medicine into the market, let them do it. Let the competition be fair; but let them not libellouſly and falſely defame the medicine of his client. He then read and commented upon the libel.

It was in the ſhape of a hand-bill, and was evidently a *quiz* upon the advertiſement ſent forth with the plaintiff's tooth-powder. It began with apoſtrophiſing:

Wonderful, prodigious, miraculous!!!—The new tooth-powder—uſed by the King and Queen of Iſrael—the Viceroy of Golgotha—the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Great Conſul, Bonaparte; in uſe 1000 years before the flood, and the ſame with which Noah cleaned his elephant's teeth in the Ark. The ancient Egyptians uſed it for the teeth and gums of their mummies, but that all its ancient wonders were eclipſed by modern credulity; time had no power over a tooth once touched by this famous powder; that the miracles it performed were believed by every ideot, and only doubted by thoſe who were troubled with two ideas. Its reſtorative powers were ſo great that any old lady of 90, by uſing it, might maſticate a double flint decanter with as much eaſe as ſhe ate her bread and butter at 20. It had ſuch enmity to the tooth-ache, that it preſerved even the deſcendants of thoſe who uſed it. The proprietor offered 1000*l.* to any ſubject of the Emperor of the Antipodes who

would ſay he had had a tooth decay after uſing it—yet, notwithſtanding all this, ſome perſons had branded the precious duſt as pernicious rubbiſh; a reward was therefore offered of 100*l.* to any one diſcovering ſuch a ſlanderer.

Mr. Erſkine, in his defence, was in his turn commenting with great humour on the plaintiff's advertiſement, when he was interrrupted by Lord Ellenborough, who aſked him, if he thought he could reduce the damages below a ſhilling? If not, ſaid he, I ſhall put it to the good ſenſe of the gentlemen of the jury, whether they will give more. Verdict for the plaintiff, damages, *one ſhilling*.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### *ANTIQUITIES.*

A variety of valuable antiquities have been diſcovered in Theſſaly. Among which are, the buſts of Ariſtotle and Anacreon, a large ſtatue of Ceres, with a coin of Lyſimacus, and ſome remarkable pillars. A Greek MS. containg a commentary of Nicephorus on the ancients and the ancient Greek church, was diſcovered at the ſame time, another building has been dug out from the lava which buried the city of Pompeii. In it have been found in good preſervation, vaſes, coins and muſical inſtruments, a beautiful brazen ſtatue, repreſenting Hercules killing the hind on Mount Mænalus, and ſeveral paintings in freſco. At the town of Aieſole, near Florence, a beautiful amphitheatre has been diſcovered, and the greateſt part of it cleared from the rubbiſh. It is ſuppoſed that it would contain at leaſt 30,000 perſons.

From the PORT FOLIO.

As a proof of the ſtrict regularity of Sir William Jones in the application of his time, the reader is preſented with a tranſcript of a card in his own writing. It may ſerve as a ſample of the manner in which he devoted his leiſure hours at all times.

DAILY STUDIES

*For the Long Vacation of* 1785.

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| *Morning.* | One Letter. |
| | Ten Chapters of the Bible. |
| | Sanſcrit Grammar. |
| | Hindu Law, &c. |
| *Afternoon.* | Indian Geography. |
| | Roman Hiſtory. |
| *Evening.* | Cheſs. Arioſto. |

My Lord Coke's celebrated diſtich, directing a Law Student's diſpoſition of Time, was thus tranſlated by Sir. W. Jones.

Six hours in ſleep, in Law's grave ſtudy ſix,
Four ſpend in prayer—the reſt on nature fix,

RATHER

Six hours to law, to ſoothing ſlumber ſeven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

### THE LETTER CARRIER.

A Wag at the gallows, who reliſhed a jeſt,
With a riſible phiz thus the hangman addreſs'd?
"Well Jack, I am going to viſit that place
Where your father is gone, and the reſt of your race;
'Tis a chance but I ſee him, and you my good friend,
May by me your reſpects to the family ſend."
Ketch gravely reply'd, as he faſten'd the twine,
"*I'll beg leave to trouble you, Sir, with a line.*"

A correſpondant juſtly obſerves, that "a counterfeit *friend* is worſe than a midnight *robber*—While the one, under the ſacred vows of friendſhip, is robbing you of your reputation; the other, under the mantle of darkneſs takes nothing but your purſe."

*Bon Mot.*—A learned brother, ſcrupulouſly attentive to every article of his dreſs, aſked the witty and celebrated Iriſh Advocate once in the Four Courts, Dublin, what he thought of a pair of half boots which he had that morning *launched?* The only *fault* in them, replied the wit, is, that they ſhew too much of the *calf!*

We hope our ſubſcribers will not be unmindful that pay for the Tablet is to made *in advance.*

## COMPENDIUM OF NEWS.

Preſidents Adams and Jefferſon have been appointed members of the Academy of Sciences, at Haerlem, in Holland.

A dreadful earthquake has taken place in the Neapolitan territories—800 houſes have been deſtroyed in Naples, and 4000 damaged—40 churches have been ſhaken to their foundation. In other parts whole towns have been deſtroyed, and all the inhabitants. The little town of Iſernia is a heap of ruins, and 1500 perſons are buried under them.—The greateſt terror reigns in every part. [*Salem pap.*

Commencement at Princeton College, was the 25th ult. when forty-one ſtudents received the Degree of A. B.

Thurſday the 28th inſtant is appointed to be obſerved as a day of Thankſgiving in the States of Connecticut, Maſſachuſetts and New-Hampſhire. In Vermont, the 5th of December.

The lady of Jerome Bonaparte is expected ſoon to return to America from England, in the brig Robert, of Baltimore.—*Mer. Mag.*

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

'*An Hiſtorical Eſſay on the Commerce and Navigation of the Black Sea, or a Narrative of a Voyage undertaken for the purpoſe of eſtabliſhing commercial relations between the ports of the Black Sea and thoſe of the Mediterranean,*' by St. Aubin; and a very uſeful and valuable work, entitled, *A compendious, geographical, hiſtorical, political and ſtatiſtical Dictionary of France*, by a ſociety of men of letters,—have recently been publiſhed in Paris.—The third edition of *Cauſtic's Democracy unveiled*, in two volumes, with conſiderable additions, is now publiſhing at New-York under the ſuperintendance of the author.——Mr. James Humphreys of Philadelphia has iſſued propoſals for publiſhing by ſubſcription EDWARDS's *Civil and Commercial Hiſtory of the Britiſh Colonies in the Weſtindies*, in four vol. 8 vo. with an elegant Atlas.——Mr. David Carliſle, of Boſton, propoſes to publiſh by ſubſcription, *Memoirs of C. M. Talleyrand de Perigord*, containing the particulars of his private and public life, of his intrigues in *Boudoirs*, as well as in *Cabinets*.—The work will be printed in one 8 vo. volume, containing between 3 and 400 pages. The price to ſubſcribers, bound in boards, will be one dollar and 50 cents.—Edmund Randolph, Eſq. we learn is engaged in writing a *Hiſtory of Virginia.* [*Dart. Gaz.*]

The Students of this Univerſity have lately commenced boarding in common. By this new arrangement their expence of living is greatly abridged.

## INSTALLED,

At *Bath*, (N. H.) Rev. DAVID SOUTHERLAND. Rev. Mr. Dana, of Orford, made the introductory prayer; Rev. Mr. Worceſter, of Thornton, preached a Sermon, from 1 Theſ. v. 12,13—Rev. Mr. Kellogg, of Bradford, made an appropriate prayer; Rev. Mr. Lambert, of Newbury, gave the charge; Rev. Mr. Smith, of Haverhill, gave the right-hand of fellowſhip, and the Rev. Mr. Worceſter, of Peacham, made the concluding prayer.

At Hanover, Maſs. the Rev. Mr. Chadwick.

*Ordained*, at Fitchburg, (Ms.) Rev. William Baſcom. At Windham, N. H. Rev. Samuel Harris.

At Langdon, (N. H.) Rev. Abner Kneeland.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Y's extract is thankfully received.

Y. B. is a correſpondent with whom we are unacquainted, but he is one who *thinks* before he *writes*, and therefore writes well. He follows the poet's advice——

'*Premeditate your ſpeeches, words once flown*
*Are in your hearers' power—not your own.*'

We rejoice to hear again from Senex. His *letters* ſhall have a place in our next number.

*Aliquis* is *ſome one* not deſtitute of poetic talents. Were he leſs particular in the relation of unimportant circumſtances, his poetry would perhaps be more grateful to the reader.

*Hermes'* favor came by the laſt mail. We have not yet found time to peruſe it.

It is obſerved in a letter from a valuable correſpondent, "That Eugenio's productions would add reſpectability to any literary paper." The poems he lately forwarded us ſhall ſoon ornament our poetical department.

## MARRIED,

In Drax, (Eng.) Mr. John Harriſon, aged 79, to Miſs Sarah Hembrough, aged 59, his 4th wife—the old man had been a diſconſolate widower for the tedious ſpace of 16 days!

In Portſmouth, Mr. Nathaniel S. Pierce, ſenior editor of the New-Hampſhire Gazette, to Mrs. Sally Greenough.

In Salisbury, Mr. Robert Morrill, to Miſs Dorothy Merrill, after a ſhort courtſhip of 12 *years.*

In Concord, Mr. Charles Emery, to Miſs Mary Walker, daughter of the Hon. Timothy Walker, Eſq.—Mr. Benjamin Abbot, jun. to Miſs Eſther Currier.

## DIED,

In England, His Royal Highneſs, the Duke of Glouceſter, &c. He was the laſt of the four Princes, who, with the King of England, compoſed the male iſſue of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

In Shirley, ſuddenly, Mrs. Whitney, wife of the Rev. Mr. Whitney of that place.

In Providence, His Excellency Arthur Fenner, Governor of the State of Rhode-Iſland.

At New-Orleans, Lieut. Col. Butler, of the United States army.

In Rutland, Maſs. Dr. John Frink, aged 74.

At Thetford, (Ver.) Mrs. Burton, wife of the Rev. Dr. Burton.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

### *HOPE.*

IN life's gay morn, what nameleſs joys,
In ſmiling proſpect riſe?
What frolic ſcenes and pleaſing toys
To blind our dazzled eyes?

Day after day, year after year,
In ſad ſucceſſion prove,
That fancy's paintings diſappear,
As faſt as time can move.

Yet man, poor child of Hope, ſurveys,
Nor liſtens to deſpair,
In future time, far better days,
And reſts his comfort there.

Tomorrow is his conſtant hum—
He thinks, but O how blind!
That all his joys are yet to come,
His ſorrows all behind.

Allur'd by Hope, he'll nobly brave
Misfortune's darkeſt gloom,
Sing to the ſpectre of the grave,
Or dance into the tomb.

Hope does our earlieſt hours beguile,
Conſoles our lateſt breath,
Lights up the cradle to a ſmile,
And cheers the bed of death.

Eternal Hope! when I am old,
If want ſhould be my lot,
When ſunſhine-friendſhip waxes cold
And ſhuns my humble cot.

Be thou my ſtaff, be thou my guide,
The leader of my way,
To worlds remote from pomp and pride,
To realms of endleſs day.

A. Z.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

### A WISH.

LET monarchs court the world's applauſe,
And make their gold their all;
Grant me to live by reaſon's laws,
And ſtand the teſt, or fall.

Let ſycophants by wily means,
Exalt themſelves to fame;
I would not know the vice that ſcreens,
From blackeſt guilt, a name.

Let thoſe, whom wealth has made elate,
Be deaf to mis'ry's cry;
Teach me to learn my humble ſtate,
And on my God rely.

Let thoſe, who years on years employ,
To fill their ſtores, ſucceed—
Give me a *little* to enjoy;
'Tis all I aſk, or need.

Thus will my days glide ſmoothly on,
And when my life ſhall cloſe;
Serenely fair will ſet my ſun,
My ſoul in peace repoſe.

HERMES.

## SELECTED POETRY.

### JUVENAL's X SATIRE,

Tranſlated into Engliſh Verſe,

BY WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

Continued from page 12.

[*As this Satire is too long for publication in the Tablet, we ſhall ſelect only ſome of the moſt intereſting parts.*]

What wrought the Pompey's, what the Craſſi's doom,
And his, who bow'd the ſtubborn neck of Rome,
But power ſupreme, obtain'd by force or fraud,
And boundleſs vows heard by ſome angry god?
For few th' ambitious chiefs who breathe in peace,
Till wearied nature ſends a kind releaſe.
The urchin, whom a ſlave conducts to ſchool,
Has ſcarce acquir'd his firſt and earlieſt rule,
Ere ardent hopes his little boſom ſeize,
To rival Tully and Demoſthenes
In eloquence and fame: for this he prays,
And plagues Minerva through her ſacred days.
Yet both theſe orators, in evil hours,
Prov'd the ſad victims of perſuaſive powers:
Both found it fatal to harangue too well,
And that by ſteel, and this by poiſon, fell:
While meaner ſpeakers unmoleſted ſtood,
Nor ſmear'd the roſtrum with their wretched blood.
"O happy Rome! that happen'd to be ſav'd
"By me, her conſul, ſole."———
Such had his pleadings been, no haughty lord
Had deem'd the jingle worthy of his ſword:
Yet ſuch would I prefer, the ſcorn of Rome,
To that Philippic which provok'd his doom,
That ſecond burſt, where eloquence divine
Pour'd on the ear from every nervous line.
And he too fell, from Athens, wondering, ſaw
His fierce democracy, at will, o'er awe;
Fell by a cruel death: ſome angry power
Scowl'd with dire influence on his natal hour.
Blear'd with the glowing maſs, the luckleſs ſire,
From anvils, ſledges, bellows, tongs, and fire,
From tempering ſwords, his own more ſafe employ,
To ſtudy rhetoric ſent his hopeful boy.
The ſpoils of WAR; the trunk in triumph placed,
And with the gleanings of the battle graced,
Cruſh'd helms and batter'd ſhields; and ſtreamers borne
From vanquiſh'd fleets, and beams from chariots torn,
And captives rang'd around in mournful ſtate,
Are priz'd as bleſſings ſcarcely known to fate;
Fir'd with the love of theſe, what countleſs ſwarms,
Barbarians, Romans, Greeks, have ruſh'd to arms,
All danger ſlighted, and all toil defied,
And madly conquer'd, or as madly died!
So much the raging thirſt of fame exceeds
The generous warmth which prompts to worthy deeds,
That none confeſs fair Virtue's genuine power,
Or woo her to their breaſt, without a dower.
Yet has this wild deſire, in other days,
This boundleſs avarice of a few for praiſe,
This frantic rage for names to grace a tomb,
Involv'd their country in one general doom:
Vain rage! the roots of the wild fig-tree riſe,
Strike through the marble, and—their memory dies;
For, like their mouldering tenants, tombs decay,
And with the duſt they hide, are ſwept away.
Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty duſt which yet remains:
And is this all! Yet *this* was once the bold,
The aſpiring chief, whom Afric could not hold,
Afric, outſtretch'd from where the Atlantic roars,
To Nilus; from the Line, to Lybia's ſhores!
Spain conquer'd, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds;
Nature oppos'd her everlaſting mounds,
Her Alps, and ſnows: through theſe he burſts his way,
And Italy already owns his ſway——
Still thundering on—"think nothing done," he cries,
"Till low in duſt our haughty rival lies;
"Till through her ſmoking ſtreets I lead my powers
"And plant my ſtandard on her hated towers."
Big words! but view his figure, view his face:
O, for ſome maſter-hand the chief to trace,
As through the Etrurian ſwamps, by rains increas'd,
Spoil'd of an eye he flounc'd, on his Getulian beaſt!
But what enſued, illuſive glory! ſay?
Subdued on Zama's memorable day,
He flies in exile to a foriegn ſtate,
With headlong haſte; and, at a deſpot's gate
Sits, wond'rous ſuppliant! of his fate in doubt,
'Till the Bithynian's morning nap be out.
Juſt to his fame, what death has Heaven aſſign'd
This great controller of all human kind?
Did hoſtile armies give the fatal wound,
Or mountains preſs him, ſtruggling to the ground?
No; three ſmall drops, within a ring conceal'd,
Aveng'd the blood he pour'd on Cannæ's field!
Go madman, go! the paths of fame purſue,
Climb other Alps, and other realms ſubdue,
To pleaſe the rhetoricians, and become,
A DECLAMATION for the boys of Rome!

[To be continued]

*VERSES tranſlated from the Greek.*

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

A SPARTAN, his companions ſlain,
Alone from battle fled,
His mother, kindling with diſdain
That ſhe had borne him, ſtruck him dead;

For courage, and not birth alone,
In Sparta, teſtifies a ſon!

*AN EPITAPH.*

MY name—my country—what are they to thee?
What—whether baſe or proud, my pedigree?
Perhaps I far ſurpaſs'd all other men—
Perhaps I fell below them all—what then?
Suffice it, ſtranger! that thou ſee'ſt a tomb—
Thou know'ſt its uſe—it hides—no matter whom.

*On the Aſtrologers.*

TH' Aſtrologers did all alike preſage
My uncle's dying in extreme old age,
One only diſagreed. But he was wiſe,
And ſpoke not till he heard the fun'ral cries.

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